

# VITCHES OF LIGHT

AUGUST 2021 REQUEST STORY

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For Silva and S'aiya, two Miko'te women that worked in the different, but related fields of appraisal and thievery, time had passed as it normally did without incident. For the past year their lives had carried on as they normally did, with the two wholly oblivious to the fact that just twelve months prior they had been rescued from a terrible fate.

The duo had been tempered to a fox Primal that claimed to hail from a different world entirely, and while enthralled they had committed some rather heinous actions at that Primal's behest. But they had been, miraculously, *saved*. The ability to untemper the enthralled had been gifted to the world through the means of a special Porxie technique, and once captured the two foxes had been returned to their usual, feline forms.

All of that had happened, and yet not a single person had told the two Miko'tes themselves about that experience. They had no recollection of being tempered, nor of anything that had transpired during that time. If they had known, it likely would have ruined them. That was why everyone who knew of the situation had kept their lips tightly shut. Well, for that reason, and for a fear of the tempering reigniting in some capacity. After all, Primals from other realms were uncharted territory.

Who knew how final severing the link between them, and that beastly woman would last?

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**“Hey, Silv? Did you find a strange box as well?”** The two women had been working a job within some ruins that *should* have been unrelated to that Primal. After all, those that had saved them had seen



to it that those ruins were thoroughly destroyed so such a tragedy could never be repeated. And yet, while exploring some seafloor ruins near Kugane, the two had come across a pair of peculiar boxes within a pair of chest in a single, hot pink room. “...**It has my name on it. Are we getting pranked?**”

Silvia couldn't believe what she was looking at either. The box had her name on it along with a message. *It's a shame that our business relationship came to an end so soon! Why don't we reignite it all anew?* Cryptic, to say the least. “**Yeah... Do you remember having a business relationship with anyone that might do this? Or maybe I should ask... Do you think it's even possible that someone could plant these here**

**even if we did?**”

So much didn't make sense here. It was almost *unsettling*. And yet, for some reason, both women couldn't resist pulling the lid of the box – ultimately leaving them to bask in the pink light that shone from within. “**Wait, why did I...!?**” The light faded just as quickly as it had begun, but instead the hot pink walls began to pulse with light. Almost as if it were replicating a heartbeat. And Silvia and S'aiya? They felt *strange*.

“**It's remarkable...**” Silvia commented, looking around at the walls. The pulsating color was beautiful, but at the same time there was something about it all that struck her as strangely haunting. “**I almost feel like I've felt this before. This... presence...**”



Any attempt at exchanging information further came under fire by a forced interruption. Their heads ached briefly, and once that pain had subsided? To both Silvia *and* S'aiya, it seemed the other party had disappeared from the room entirely. But that wasn't the case at all – they were still both there. Instead, this was a precaution to keep their

paws off of each other during what was to come... to avoid complications in the transformative process.

But did the pair of them even notice that the other was missing! Nope! Instead they were distracted by a blinding, pink light that lit up their clothing – and in the end the pair were left dressed in entirely different, but unusually fitted, ensembles.

For Silvia, she'd become rather hatted. A white, priest-like hat with cold trim sat atop her head, balls of white fluff poking out from either side with a blue, four-pointed star gemstone dangling down from the front. The rest of her outfit followed this hat's color scheme, with a one-piece top that showed both the upper echelon of her breasts and a peek at her black undergarments beneath, done up with gold buttons and trim with a pink flap hanging down from the bosom.

Big, puffy sleeves hung over hot pink gloves, and while those sleeves appeared to be detached considering her cleavage window, they were fastened at a matching collar around her neck. Otherwise, pink garter belts stretched down the fronts of her thighs, holding in place the thigh high boots that fit in with the gold and white color scheme.

It was strange, though. The outfit appeared loose in places. It was clear that she didn't have the breasts to make good on the ample cleavage window, and the garter belts were loose enough to dangle against her thighs. On the other hand, around her waist things felt *very* tight. But Silv? She didn't really care much about the fit. Instead she was instantly enamored by the look of it all. **“Oh, this looks very *sexy*~!”**

You'd think she might be concerned about her clothes suddenly changing or her friend disappearing, but instead she licked her lips slyly. The pulsating walls were already bringing to the forefront a personality that *should* have been deleted during her untempering, and S'aiya wasn't faring any better nearby.

**“Oho~? What is this?”** The Miqu'te with ginger-brown hair pushed glasses up the bridge of her nose that hadn't existed there before, all while looking down to admire her own new outfit. It was nowhere near as extravagant as Silvia's, consisting only of a pair of boots and a black catsuit with an open collar and pink highlights. If it was at all unique, the cut of it all was likely the place to look. After all, her hips and thighs were on full display, with the zipper of the front pulled down to show the cleavage *and* under boob.

Like Silvia, there was some clear fitting issues – albeit slightly different in nature. The catsuit was loose around her lower half, but her breasts were just pop-pop-popping out of the top. This was no surprise

considering she'd already previously been cursed with a ginormous bosom. Not to be ignored, a bright pink bow tied her brown hair into a small, left-bound high ponytail for the time being.

**“Strange, am I missing something?”** S'aiya felt as if something important had slipped her mind, something that was probably more pressing than how *hot* she looked in skintight clothing. But she ended up shrugging it off in the end. Something about *WHATEVER* was happening just felt very *good*, almost pleasurable. And the two of them were of the same opinion even if they couldn't communicate.

Yet, the duo ended up entranced suddenly. Incapable of thought nor movement as the pink light borrowed into their very hearts and souls.

From this point on though, their changes occurred rather similarly. This was unsurprising though, for at the end of the day they were both being returned to roles where they were essentially two aspects of the same existence. To those ends, their eyes both began to glow a bright gold in tandem – widening and yet, somehow, narrowing at the same time. They gave off a different racial appeal in the end, most Eastern like the eyes of those that were born and raised in Doman and Kugane.

Strangely, both of their eyebrows grew bushier. Their fluff couldn't be denied, not even as pink spread through the hairs. Then again, this was true of all of the hair on their bodies, and things diverged a little at this point. The pink of S'aiya's hair was just slightly more washed out than Silvia's, and the way both dos were styled as hairs lengthened ended up entirely different.

For the scholar, hair fell out directly behind her, any natural curls straightening instantly as it wriggled and whipped like snakes, falling far past her tail and rear. Closer to her face, it fanned out to the sides with a pair of small buns beneath the sides of her hat. A playful look, to say the least. Further down, the pubes housed within her black undergarments grew bushier, and the plumage on her tail was grossly built upon.

*Well, Silvia always kind of had a fetish for fluffy things...*

At its base, ruby colored fur turned what and fluffy, almost engorging in a way that made it look like her tail had a separate growth dangling beneath the rest of it. But everything else? It turned the same pink as Silvia's hair and grew... and grew... and grew... It grew so much, until it was difficult to distinguish what was tail bone and what was fur, particularly since the fur dangled to the floor on diagonal slopes in a fluffy but unnatural way. Even more unnatural were the decorations that popped up upon it though, little golden stars that looked like they'd be a pain in the ass to pick out if she wanted to.

Her red cat ears similarly found their fur pinkened, though their shapes stood on end in a way they did disservice to her natural-born Miqu'te race. Then again, looking at her tail? It was already rather difficult to claim she was a cat any longer. The ears didn't help though, not once they'd stretched half a foot and earned rounded tops. Almost like a *bunny rabbit*.

Otherwise, the style of S'aiya's paler pinks was a little different. The hair atop her head, for example, merely continued the side ponytail she already had. That ponytail grew longer and a little curlier, twisting all of the way down to her hips in two interwoven pieces. Atop her head, bangs thickened and grew messier, with excess framing her face. Unlike her counterpart though, her pubes ended up shaved – which likely wasn't all too surprising considering how a bush might intervene with skintight wear. ...*Not to mention she didn't have any underwear on.*

Her tail, at least, took on a much more practical shape. The bones stiffened to remove some of its prehensility, but what it lost in movement range it more than made up for with fluffiness. Soft and abundant, the fur that fluffed upon it was bonafide fox fur, irrefutably soft and silky – absolutely *glomp* worthy.

And, naturally, she gained a pair of vulpine ears to match. The points of her feline variations rose as tufts of white clogged their bottoms, fuzziness just as undeniable as that of her tail. Were Silv conscious of her friend's presence and her usual self, she undoubtedly would have hands all over S'aiya as she was now.

Their races now irreversibly changed to fox and rabbit... fox (?), their figures shifted next. Because they were so different right out of the gate, it afflicted them in different ways until they were more or less perfect matches for one another in terms of body shape.

Silv, for example, only had gains to receive. This could easily be perceived thanks to the cut of her new outfit, as most areas of importance were already in full view. Such as her thighs, which had been bolstered by a mass that brought an attractive, glossy look to the skin that struggled to contain their spongier mass. It didn't take very long for them to tighten the pink garter belts that ran beneath her top and her boots, both bands tightening around, and digging into, swollen flesh.

While not as easily perceived, her ass certainly hadn't been left out of the equation. Silvia's black panties had no choice other than to tighten around a rear that vigorously expanded, eventually peeking up over the waistband of the undergarments. Not that it mattered since it was still



hidden beneath her outfit. Each bun was firm and enticing, absolutely a charm point on par with what her bosom would become – if not superior.

Higher up, that boob window that once appeared to be rather lacking in the breast department was finally being blessed with what it lacked. Hardened nipples poked up and into the underside of the top as creamy flesh beneath rose like bread in the oven. It pushed out the boob window's front and rose over the peak, the canyon between her tits deepening as each mound's roundness was preserved

by her attire. Anyone doing any window shopping here was in for a treat.

And, of course, S'aiya's form moved towards similar shapes. It didn't take long for the looseness of her catsuit to become a thing of the past, not with hips widening several inches and her thighs bloating out. She didn't have the garter belts for that added appeal, but the thigh cutouts on the bodysuit did wonders once the excess flesh muffed out around the edges.

The skintight wear *certainly* did wonders when it came to her ass. Once bloated, it filled out the grooves in the back with incredible tightness. It was so full and skin tight that one would be able to make out her cheeks bouncing as she walked, and she'd *undoubtedly* have a sexy walk with an ass like that.

To stand as the one outlier, her breasts actually shrunk a size. They were already bigger than her destined form thanks to her existing curse's residual effects, and the front of the catsuit was more unzipped than it should have been as a result. But now it was able to zip itself up a little, still leaving their E's on full enough display to arouse any onlookers. And deep down not



only S'aiya, but Silvia as well, would have liked nothing more than to catch the lingering stares of the seduced.

*What was the point of being so attractive otherwise?*

The frozen hold that had been placed on the pair began to melt as a few minor altercations mopped up what remained. They gained identical beauty marks beside their navels, for example, and S'aiya's tanned complexion whitened to match Silvia's natural skin tone. Otherwise, a lot of it was found in their faces, where lips bloated, and cheeks rose until they had identical facial features.

Golden eyes blinked in two pairs, each party able to perceive the other once more. But they didn't recognize their past selves at all. There was no need for them to. After all, they'd been reborn as two completely different women now. Two women that were identical in body, mind, and sadistic personality – yet functioned with their own individuality.

Both woman stretched their limbs as if they had just awoken from a long and sensual nap. Considering how they had been pawing at their own bodies as it had all transpired, however, perhaps it was more like they'd just lived through a *wet* dream? Neither of them doubted their new identities. This world had a savior in the Warrior of Light, but as they were now they stood as the antithesis to that existence.

They were the *Koyanskayas of Light*, after all.

**“Mm, *Koyans'aiya*? Don't you think something like this has happened to us before?”** The more elaborately dressed of the two women, the one with bunny ears, tapped her chin pensively while stating a question to her identical, fox twin that was dressed in the catsuit. This all felt so familiar, yet a little different at the same time. Like once upon a time she had become enthralled by another, but now she was wholly a part of her.

And that was more or less the truth of it. A year ago they had become tempered, and the Treasured Beast had made them her pawns. But this was different. Angered by the fact that the people of this world *dared* to undo her hard work, she had set this trap for her two underlings. Not only had they been returned to a state similar to when they'd been tempered, but it was *permanent*. Every fiber of their being had ultimately been repurposed so that they would happily serve as *Foxes of Light* now and forever. They would pillage and kill as needed, and there would be no means of undoing their current states.

The fox smiled slyly while stepping up to the rabbit, making a point to thrust her sensitive tits against those of her counterpart. Both of their

golden eyes glowed as the very same smirks decorated their plump and kissable lips. **“Whatever do you mean, *Koyansilvia*? It doesn’t matter if it did or didn’t! We’re now contractually obligated to continue the Treasured Beast’s attempts at conquest. And... Mm... Perhaps we can wait just a short while before embarking?”** The two locked lips briefly as they gripped each other’s asses and pulled each other closer.

They would have to establish Tamamo Heavy Industries anew before they got to work, but for now?

Their transformations had left them *very* horny.